

The Journal and Courier

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

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Notice.
We cannot accept anonymous or return rejected communications. In all cases the name of the writer will be required, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Ireland sent out 35,359 emigrants in 1894, 12,287 less than the year before. It is the smallest number recorded since 1851, when the statistics of emigration were first collected.

Gas engines are being used in Dresden to propel street cars. They are of nine-horse power and are placed under the seats. A speed of nine miles an hour can be obtained with a car carrying thirty-six passengers, the cost being fifteen cents a mile with gas at \$1 a thousand feet.

The terror inspired by the Japanese armies in the east is greatly enhanced by the fact that they make no noise. They march with no bands, no drums, beat reveille or tattoo, and in action the Japanese utter no cheers. The officers have a code of signals by whistling that serves to direct the movements of the troops.

Mississippi is making great progress in the matter of public education. Within ten years the expenditure for common schools has risen from \$800,000 to \$1,200,000. There are four times as many colored pupils in the schools and three times as many white ones. Mississippi has the least percentage of white illiteracy of any of the southern States.

Badges worn in the buttonhole have taken the place of commutation tickets in Belgium, where the new system of fortnightly season tickets good on the railroads over the whole government system has greatly increased the number of commuters. Differences in color distinguish the nature of the ticket and the class by which the holder is entitled to travel.

Senator Teller, of Colorado, has received from Willard Morse, of Denver, a paperweight that the senator says he will take to the international monetary conference as an object lesson to demonstrate the platform of the silver men. It is a block of silver, standard fineness, weighing and inscribed "sixteen ounces Colorado silver," superimposed on which is a block of gold inscribed "one ounce Arizona gold." Mr. Morse himself mined the ore from which the bullion was smelted.

The facilities for easy divorce provided by the territory of Oklahoma appear to be all that the most eager applicant for a severance of the marriage relation could desire. A residence of ninety days in the territory is all that is required for an application, the divorce becomes absolute in ten days more, no appeal can be taken from it, and the plaintiff is not required to serve personal notice upon the defendant. Publication may be made, apparently, in an obscure newspaper, which is unlikely to reach the eye of the latter, and nothing more in the way of notice is demanded.

Professor Guido Rossati is in New York, under a commission from the Italian government, to test and certify the purity of Italian wines imported for the American market. He tells the Journal of Commerce that Italy is now the foremost wine-producing country of the world, with about 750,000,000 acres of vineyards furnishing wine and a livelihood, directly or indirectly, to 52 per cent. of her rural population. "At present," he says, "the importation of Italian wines to the United States is comparatively light and certainly shows room for a large increase. In the fiscal year of 1894 the bureau of statistics shows imports of only 164,465 gallons, valued at \$55,790. It should be stated, however, that these figures of imports are to some extent misleading, as they represent only such wines as come direct from Italy. As a matter of fact, much more Italian wine reaches this market through other countries after having been packed and labeled as product of those countries. It is the desire of our government that the Italian wines shall stand entirely on their own merits."

At last the wooden horse was finished. "How," mused Agamemnon, the king, "can we get the things within the walls of Troy and not arouse the suspicions of the enemy?" "I suggest," quoth the wily Odysseus, "that we tell them it is a folding bed."—Puck.

THE CHARTER.

The new-charter agitation has had some curious results, among which is an increase of respect for the old charter. When the great work of reform began few were found who thought the old charter was good for much. Now, after very thorough discussion, it is pretty generally perceived that the old charter has its good points. There is some doubt that the proposed new charter would, if adopted, give us a perfect form of government and many think that, with a little tinkering, the old charter would work awhile longer. The one-man power notion doesn't excite any enthusiasm. It is seen that it could be used to build up a political machine that would be more comprehensive and efficient than anything we have had in these parts, and the idea that the voters would pay any more attention to governing under a new charter than they have under the old is seen to be thin. So the feeling is in favor of fixing what needs fixing in the old charter and trying to worry along without the very latest and most improved machinery for governing. If we wait a few years perhaps something even better than the proposed new charter will be invented.

MISSIONARY WORK.

Woman has started in to purify politics, and she is going to do it. What her plan is is indicated by the action of a woman in Cleveland, Ohio, who sought a nomination from the Republicans for a place on the school committee and failing to get it went over to the Democrats for their support. This performance reveals something of the fixedness of purpose and deep sincerity with which Woman regards her mission in politics. She knows that corruption exists in both parties. She knows that she can knock corruption out if she can only get a chance to hit it. If one party will not give her the chance she will go to the party that will. Her mission must be fulfilled, and she can change her parties as often as it is necessary in order to fulfill her mission. We have noticed that some men are not very particular about what party they belong to so long as they have an office, but a man who pursues an office into any party where he thinks he can find it is not usually credited with having a high and holy mission. It is different with Woman. There is so much corruption and her mission is so imperative that it is her duty to get into office wherever she can. She need not feel bound by party loyalty. She is bound by a higher loyalty—loyalty to Purity and Reform. The Cleveland woman is on the right track.

A BENEFICENT BILL.

When the great bill for the benefit of other countries was passed by the congress of this country there was rejoicing in other countries. And well there might be, as subsequent events have shown. Some of these events figure in the official reports of the export trade of Great Britain for the first two months of this year. For instance, the increase in the quantities of woolen and cotton goods exported is particularly notable. Of the first there were shipped 14,574,800 yards, against 2,752,100 yards last year, and 253,000 pounds of yarn, against 15,000 last year. The invoiced value of the two was \$6,106,455, against \$1,425,210 last year, an increase of \$4,681,245 over the corresponding two months of 1894. In cotton goods there is an increase of about 50 per cent. in the number of yards, and in linen goods of more than 100 per cent., this year's shipments aggregating 27,000,000 yards, against 12,760,500 yards for January and February, 1894. Shipments of paper increased 55 per cent., of clothing 33 per cent., of millinery 43 per cent., of beer 40 per cent., of spirits 80 per cent., and of earthenware about 44 per cent. The aggregate value of our imports from Great Britain for the past two months, as shown by these official figures, was \$19,724,775, as against \$9,417,640 last year. Should this rate of imports hold good for the entire year, our countrymen will have had the pleasure of paying \$51,500,000 to sustain British workshops that but for the Wilson bill would have helped to maintain American mills and factories.

Three cheers for tariff reform! Three cheers for lower wages and less work for American workmen!

FASHION NOTES.

Coif and Gown Equally Correct.
Coiffures like that shown below are generally set off by side combs, whether the hair is parted or not. The right place for the combs is away down by the ears. They are more often seen hardly a finger length each side of the part; and sometimes they are set in with the farther ends almost touching and the front ones wide apart. When the hair is bright, smooth and well kept this is all right, otherwise the comb makes an unbecoming line in an unexpected place. But in this picture, as in many another place, the dress is the thing, and it fully carries out the promise of stylishness given by the tastefully arranged locks. In it a gown of golden brown basket-cloth is garnished with white and brown silk passementerie. Its bodice skirt shows pleats on the sides and in the back and has a plain front breadth of golden brown silk, the whole lined with silk. On each side of the front panel there is a strip of the passementerie and the fitted bodice has bretelles to match. The bodice further shows a gathered vest of white satin which is finished with folded bands of silk. The same material is used for the belt, but the draped sleeve puffs are of the goods.

Heavy crochet lace is studied with variegated jewels, and worn in yoke or



collar arrangement on any sort of gown. It is quite correct to thus elaborate an otherwise simple costume. A word about these jewels; they come in all sizes and colors, are well cut and so, though of glass, they are really brilliant. They set with some elaboration in various metals. This setting adds to the price, to the ease of adjusting and to the beauty, but not, alas, to the durability, for the fickle jewel is very likely to slip free of the metal, leaving the setting still secure to the gown as a source of scratchy annoyance to the wearer. FLORETTE.

BORN.

Wing-Actors. Like poets, must be born! Files—Yes; but the Gerry society stands 'em off longer.—Puck.

His First Game of Cards.—"Dinnis, phwat's the trump?" "Shamrock." "Aw, yes mean clubs!" "Straw, sheldens, thini!"—Harper's Bazar.

The Wife (during a row).—The villain in the play is always a man. The Husband—Yes, and it is always a woman who makes him one.—Tid-Bits.

Buggins.—Why all this talk about the new woman? Muggins—I suppose because it isn't safe to refer to any woman as "the old woman."—Philadelphia Record.

Circumstantial Evidence.—Jane—My dear, there's a rape on the Dobbs door. Some one must have died. Maude—Impossible. I'm sure the doctor hasn't been there for weeks.—Harlem Life.

Tommy.—Pop, what's the difference between a bon mot and a joke? Tommy's Pop—A bon mot is something you tell a friend, and a joke is something a friend tells you.—Philadelphia Record.

Do you think that Mr. Addicks is fitted to be in the United States senate? said one statesman. "Well," replied the other thoughtfully, "it seems to take him a good while to do anything."—Washington Star.

Wearly Walker.—Say, mister, gimme a dime. Dignified Wayfarer—Give you a dime! I think you are more in need of manners than money. Wearly Walker—Well, I struck you for what I thought ye had most uv.—Harper's Bazar.

"What do you know about French dialects?" asked Mrs. Uperton to the applicant for employment as cook. "I know enough about him to make him, but never to eat them," was the reply. She was engaged.—Harper's Bazar.

"I suppose," remarked Tattered-Torn to the fly bartender, "if I asked you to give me a drink until next week you would not refuse?" "I trust not," replied the bartender. And somehow Tattered-Torn walked out without asking.—Philadelphia Record.

A ROLLICONSOME PET.

The Early Life and Cunning Ways of a Red-Winged Blackbird.
(Meander S. Laysen in New York Evening Post.)

He was a young red-winged blackbird, and the most tricky spirit in feathers I have ever seen, and just as docile and affectionate as a trickster. The beginning of his career was in some sort of prophecy of what was to follow; it began in rather a romantic fashion, for the nest in which he was hatched and reared was hidden in the tall grass of a meadow, right in the midst of a bunch of cowpops, whose gleaming flowers made a kind of golden roof over the pretty nursery.

I captured him one evening at dusk, and he slept that night snugly in a small berry-box lined with grass; but when morning came he refused to eat, and went scampering about in a grotesque way on the floor, trying to escape from the "human" whose designs he could not understand. His harsh calls, created quite a panic in the breasts of a pair of young meadow-larks in a cage near by, causing them to hop about and leap up from the floor like frogs with steel springs in their legs. He had wonderful strength in his claws for so young a hantling, for when I placed him in a cage he contrived to clamber up the sides to the wire of the roof, where he clung back downward, swinging to and fro like a monkey at the Zoo.

It was not long before my pet began to feel the pangs of hunger, and also discovered in some way that I meant to be his friend, for presently when I held a morsel toward him he opened his mouth to receive it. Finding that I would feed him he became as docile as a child, and would allow himself to be held in the hand and fondled without a quaver of fear. No kitten could have shown less alarm. I placed him in the larks' cage, where he seemed to be content, as if to say, "I enjoy being in good company."

At night he wanted to roost on the perch upon which he had contrived to climb; but, fearing he might fall from it during the night and cause a panic among my shy larks, I placed him in a cozy nest in the grass below, where he slept contentedly by the side of his fellow prisoners. However, that was the last time he would submit to such humiliating treatment. The next morning he would not remain on the bottom of the cage, and in the evening, no matter how often I loosed him from the perch and set him down on the floor, he straightway scrambled up again, scolding and calling, and there I was obliged to let him spend the night.

He had such a staid, judicial air, with

his bald little head and knowing eyes, that I involuntarily exclaimed, "He looks like a judge!" and "Judge" he was christened then and there. It was curious, however, that at first he held himself up from the perch with outstretched legs, and slept all night in that strained position. A few days later he learned to bend his legs and rest a part of his weight on his belly, as most perching birds do while roosting.

He soon became so docile that he would fly to me whenever I came to the cage door with food, and would stand on my finger while he hurriedly gulped down his luncheon. Before long he learned to "ro up steps"—that is, to step from finger to finger when placed alternately one above the other.

He soon proved himself dowered by nature with a large amount of curiosity, for he had to examine everything in the cage like a veritable Paul Pry. I kept part of the cage covered with grass, and here he found ample room for investigation. He would thrust his bill among the spears and stalks, pry them apart with his mandibles, to see if there were any tidbits concealed beneath, and sometimes would root about almost like a pig. He did not learn, however, to pick up food for several weeks but would open his mouth at any object he fancied might be bilious.

As he grew older his inquiring and boldness of character became more and more developed. Whenever I opened the door of the cage he would scuttle quickly to me, alighting on my hand or arm or head, and call and wheedle in a very familiar manner. His bill was so strong that he could cause a sharp pain by pecking the hand or head. One day, while a member of my family was bending into the large cage door to attend to the demands of several other young birds, Judge flew upon her head, and began to pick and pull with might and main, and when she lifted him down, he held several hairs in his bill. On another day he discovered the gold ring on her finger, and tried his best to secure it for his own prize by thrusting the point of his bill between the finger and the ring and then prying his mandibles apart with all his strength; but at last he was obliged to put a stop to his rough sport.

His first attempt at swallowing a fly, which he had picked up from the floor, was truly mirth provoking. Try as he would, he could not work it back into his throat from the end of his bill, not yet having learned the use of his tongue, but would fling it aside by flicking his head, pick it up again, try once more to swallow it, but all in vain; at last, out of pity for his helplessness, I came to his aid. In a few days, however, he mastered the fine art of swallowing a fly, even if it did require more time to learn to dispose of other kinds of food.

It was not long before his instinct taught him that he ought to take a bath. His instinct must have been his tutor, for he had received no suggestions of the kind from his elders, either human or avian. He seemed to take his ablutions, however, in the most approved bird fashion. His first attempt was awkward enough. He stepped up to the side of a shallow bath dish, thrust his head over the rim into the water, squatted down on the sand outside, and began to twinkle his wings and tail after the manner of his adult relatives of the great outdoors. But presently he seemed to realize that the feathers of his body were not being rinsed at all, and in spite of his well-meant efforts, what should he do to remedy the effect? He reflected a moment and then solved his problem by leaping boldly into the dish and giving himself a most thorough drenching.

As he grew larger, his bath-dish became too short for him, so one day, having thoroughly moistened his head, breast, and wings, he leaped upon the rim of the vessel, raised his tail into the water, and squirmed it back and forth until it was well rinsed. This trick came twice under my eye, and could not have been a mere accident.

About this time Judge displayed a trait of character that, for a young bird, was little short of remarkable. One day he took a piece of scraped raw beef in his bill, and leaped with it to a perch on which sat a young cow bunting, which I had also captured and caged and which always appeared half famished. The bunting opened its mouth towards its comrade, twinkling its wings, and twittering coaxingly for the tidbit. Judge looked puzzled for a moment, as if trying to decide a difficult question, then ambled along the perch towards his fellow prisoner, and thrust the morsel into its gaping mouth. I could not be satisfied that this was not an accident until I saw Judge feed the young meadow-larks and catbirds which also shared his quarters. Again and again he ministered to the other birds of the cage, until they began to annoy him by their persistent coaxing, when he became disgusted, flatted refused to give them another mouthful, and even grew angry and rushed savagely at them, often driving them off the perch to the other end of the cage.

By and by, however, my pet was to show several paragraphs from my notes, jotted down about two weeks after he had become my guest: "I have just lifted Judge from his cage and placed him on my writing-table. The first object that attracts his attention is my lead pencil. He approaches it cautiously, looking at it sharply, canting his head to see if it may be dangerous, and then gives a quick dab with his beak. It rolls away an inch or two, causing him to leap back half alarmed; but soon he repeats his experiment, until he is convinced that the pencil is neither dangerous nor edible, when he turns his attention to some other form of amusement."

"Next he walks over to my hand, thrusting his bill between two of my fingers, prying them apart by opening his mandibles, and peering into the aperture. Then he pokes his bill under my writing tablet, and presently turns over the upper sheet. When I take my pencil, he grasps the sharpened end near the paper and lets me draw him slowly across the paper while I try to write—and a wretched scrawl I make of it! Several blotting pads next claim his attention; then he pays his respects to the mulligan-bottle, over which he runs his beak, trying in vain to get at the liquid within; then the iron inkstand must undergo a rigid inspection."

"Presently he walks over to me again, and playfully tries to turn the sheet on which I am scribbling, glancing up at me naively the while. Soon he catches sight of a pen-holder, which he pecks savagely, and sends it rolling off the table to the floor, and looks up at me with a most amusing gleam of inquiry as he hears it fall on the carpet below. He also pecks at my lips, moustache,

and eyes. Thus the comedy keeps up, until other works call me away and my cunning pet must be put back in his cage.

But the larks—how he loved to bully them! More than once he seized one of them by the tail or wing, and went prancing around on the cage floor as if he were dancing a jig, the lark shrieking and scolding the while at the top of his voice. When a lark ventured on one of the perches, Judge would frequently steal up behind it, seize it by the tail, unbalance it, and, as it toppled over, hold it in the air a moment or two, and then let it drop to the floor. It seemed that he could not "keep hands off" the larks, so fond was he of a practical joke. However, they soon became quite wary, and when they turned at bay he was forced to retreat, especially if they threw themselves on their tails or backs and clawed viciously at him.

One day the little meddler escaped from his cage while I was absent and flew upon my writing table, where he found the ink-well, and when a member of the family came in, she found the beak and tongue and face deluged with the black fluid, while he was sneezing and coughing to get the disagreeable taste out of his mouth. He hopped for several days afterwards, and never expatriated again with ink.

Much as he loved to harry the meadow-larks, he really seemed to cherish a warm affection for them; for, while he usually roosted on a perch, he would occasionally take it into his head to sleep on the floor of the cage in the grassy couch with his companions, who always slept there. It was a cunning and amusing little scene, the blackbird sleeping affectionately side by side with the larks.

About a month after I had secured him a tiny red spot, became visible on each shoulder, looking as if it had been painted by an artist's brush. This spot expanded rapidly until my pet looked like a major general with his proud epaulettes. When he spread out his wings, the crimson ornament would become greatly expanded, making him look handsome indeed.

For a year he remained the pet of the household, often sitting on our heads and chirping his appreciation, or coming to the table to dine with us. Sometimes he crowded like a rooster, and frequently piped a varied tune that reminded me of certain strains in the rich melody of the brown thrasher. It was really a sad day when he felt constrained to give him his liberty.

VERY ANCIENT FOSSILS.

Fairly Well Preserved Fossil Shells Found in Rocks that May Antedate Life.
(From the Cosmopolitan.)

A large number of fairly well preserved fossil shells have recently been found in rocks so ancient that they were supposed until recently to be devoid of all remains of organisms, and perhaps to antedate all life on this earth. This discovery will assist in the classification of rocks and the mapping of the earth's surface, but it has still a greater interest in connection with the theory of the development and evolution of life, for, strangely enough, the shells in question are allied in closest manner to species now living in countless myriads, although the rocks in which they are entombed are probably not less than a score of millions of years old.

Even at that remote period, long before the coal measures, and relatively near the epoch at which the earth became habitable, there were many species, many allied genera, descended from still more remote common ancestors. Their descendants, on the other hand, have adhered closely to the types established so long ago; no doubt because they were well adapted to an environment which has undergone little change.

These fossils are not large, or they



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might have been found before; in fact, they can only be seen clearly with the higher powers of the microscope. They are globular, silicious, and covered with the radiating spines which have given them their name of radiolaria. Their modern representatives are somewhat larger, for they can sometimes be seen with a good lens, and they live on the surface of the ocean, far from land. When the animals die, their flinty shells fall slowly to the bottom, and accumulate there, form a chief constituent of the material brought to the surface by the deepest soundings.

The beds in which the shells have now been found by Mr. Barrois and his pupil, Mr. Cayeux, are among the earliest rocks certainly deposited from water, and the group is called the Algonkian. The discovery will give a new impulse to the use of the microscope, and most of the work on the organic remains of the very old rocks will probably be done with that instrument.

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"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided for our breakfast and supper a delicately flavored beverage which will save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle malaries are floating around and ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.

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PIANOS.

M. STEINERT & SONS CO.,
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District of New Haven, ss. Probate Court, }
March 25, A. D. 1895. }

ESTATE OF JANE FARRELL, late of New Haven, Conn., deceased.
Upon the application of Frank A. Farrell praying for power and authority to sell the real estate of said deceased, and also for application on file more fully appears, it is ORDERED—That said application be heard and determined at a Probate Court to be held at New Haven, in said district, on the 27th day of March, A. D. 1895, at